Mow. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Rich. Returne againe and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves)
To kepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor ever writ, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this frayle ſepulcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons ere thou flie this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Rich. Vncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure

Foure lagging Winters, and
End in a word, ſuch is the brea
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, tha
He ſhortens foure yeares of m
But little vantage ſhall I reap
For ere theſe ſixe yeares that he
Can change the Moones, and
My oyle-dride Lampe, and t
Shall be extinct with age, an
My inch of Taper, will be bur
And blindfold death, not let
Rich. Why Vncle, thou ha
Gaunt. But not a minute (Kin
Shorten my dayes thou canſt
And plucke nights from me, b
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow
But ſtop no wrincle in his pilg
Thy word is currant with him,
But dead, thy kingdome canno
Rich. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd up
Whereto thy tongue a party-
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt tho
Gau. Things ſweet to taſt, pre
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but
You would have bid me argu
Alas, I look'd when ſome of y
I was too ſtrict to make mine o
But you gave leave to my unw
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf
Rich. Coſin farewell: and Vn
Six yeares we baniſh him, and h
Flouriſh
Au. Coſin farewell; what pre
From where you do remaine,
Mar. My Lord, no leave tak
As farre as land will let me, by
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe
That thou return'ſt no greetin